

A MISSING SAFE KEY

By BEVERLY WORTHINGTON.

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"Great heavens!"

Mr. Purbeck Jones, who made this exclamation, had entered his office in Lombard street, London, at 10 o'clock in the morning, laid aside his hat and came, gone to his safe and stood with a hand in his right pocket. He was white as a sheet.

"Anything wrong, sir?" asked his chief clerk, anxiously approaching his employer.

"There was no reply. He neither saw nor heard the speaker. Finally he asked faintly:

"At what hour does the Indian mail leave?"

"At noon, sir."

"Then it is impossible."

"What is impossible?"

Still Mr. Jones paid no attention to what was said to him.

"Hush a messenger to Strecher's to send his best workmen here on the jump to open this safe."

In another moment one of the clerks was in a cab, the cabman insuring his horse on the way to the Strecher Safe and Lock company.

Purbeck Jones, an English millionaire and railroad contractor, had taken a contract to build the Malwar line in central India and in the venture had staked all his possessions. He was required to give security amounting to £2,000,000 to cover loss by the railway syndicate. This sum must be in negotiable bonds and other securities and delivered on or before May 9, 1901.

Even the wealthy Purbeck Jones found it difficult to raise the money for so large a transaction. He, however, succeeded in gradually collecting the securities, which he preferred to deposit in his own safe to that of a deposit company.

On the morning of the sailing of the Indian mail he went to his office to dispatch the securities under a special guard to India. Feeling in his pocket, where he expected to find his safe keys, they were not there. He had left them in his country place, Harwood, just outside Carlisle, and to get them in time to open the safe before the steamer sailed was impossible.

Missing the mail would prevent his delivering the securities before the expiration of the time limit.

Before long a cab dashed up to the office, and two workmen, each with a bag of tools in his hand, jumped out and entered the office.

"Five securities in that vault," said Mr. Jones, "that must go off on the Indian mail at 12 noon. Open the safe in time to get them on the steamer and I'll give you £500 each."

The sum was a small fortune for a workman. Each thought of the wife and bairns at home and the comforts he could give them with so large a sum.

The fastest horse that could be procured was brought and stood at the door ready to transfer a messenger with the securities to the steamer the moment they could be taken from the safe.

Mr. Jones stood over the workmen, watching in hand noting the lapse of time, trembling like a leaf, his heart beating wildly. On their success or failure hung either continued wealth or ruin to him. He had made the biggest contract any man had ever undertaken, and his loss would render him hopelessly bankrupt.

He hung on the expression of the workmen's faces. When they succeeded in some important step, baring through a hard plate or cutting a rivet, he had hope. But if their tools proved softer than the steel or after cutting their way in they found unexpected obstacles he feared the worst.

Eleven o'clock came, and they had succeeded in getting only so far as through the outer plates that protected the lock. At half past 11 they found that they were still obliged to cut through as much as they had already accomplished to reach the machinery that shot the bolts, and then they would need considerable time to shoot them.

At a quarter of 12, after whispering to each other, they turned to Mr. Jones and announced their failure.

Jones sank back into a chair and covered his face with his hands. A panorama of his life passed before him—his early struggles to get a start, his first successes, the great contract that made him a rich man, the years since, during which he had been a millionaire. The man who had climbed the ladder of wealth to the top round saw all this, saw ruin staring him in the face and groaned.

The workmen, equally disappointed, gathered up their tools and silently passed out. The clerks resumed their positions on their desk stools, but only to pretend to work. All knew that a blow had struck the man for whom they worked, and each was thinking where he would find another situation.

Presently Mr. Jones recovered himself so far as to send a messenger to the steamer he expected to dispatch the securities to announce the reason of his failure to do so and ask an extension of time. But he knew it would not be granted. Nor was it. The contract on which he had made so many fortunes, such preparations, expenditures, passed out of his hands. And why? Because before leaving his country place an apparently trivial act had slipped his memory.

Jones went into bankruptcy. The fall of his fortunes was too much for his brain. Perhaps it was the very trifling cause that led to such an important result. One can conceive of a person's mind getting on such a matter and staying there till it produced mania. At any rate, Purbeck Jones was not long after his failure died in a lunatic asylum.

As Usual.

It vainly they told the hearse that the duke was an impostor and worse.

"Why," said a friend, "I have read there is a price upon his head." But the hearse, all serene, only answered, "I have the price!"—Young's Magazine.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her

Knoxville, Iowa.—"I suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more and was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and am glad to say that your medicines and kind letters of directions have done more for me than anything else and I had the best physicians here. I can do my work and rest well at night. I believe there is nothing like the Pinkham remedies."

Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R.F.D., No. 3, Knoxville, Iowa.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

Respectfully referred.

Chief Justice Marshall used to narrate with great glee the following correspondence on a point of honor between Governor Giles of Virginia and Patrick Henry. The governor wrote:

Sir—I understand that you have called me a bobtail politician. I wish to know if it be true and, if true, your meaning.

W. R. GILES.

Patrick Henry's reply came promptly:

Sir—I do not recollect calling you a bobtail politician at any time, but I think it probable that I have. I can't say what I did mean, but if you will tell me what you think I meant I will say whether you are correct or not. Very respectfully,

PATRICK HENRY.

This was leaving it to Giles with a vengeance; but, as there was no further correspondence, the governor of Virginia must have read satisfaction somewhere between the lines of Patrick Henry's brilliantly equivocal reply.

A Mean Accusation.

The plump and pretty waitress was being teased by a youthful male boarder when a solitary middle-aged man entered the dining room. To him she made prompt appeal.

"Is there anything on my face?" she demanded.

"Why, yes," was the reply, after a lengthy scrutiny. "There is some cuticle on it."

"Oh, there is not!" she said in high dudgeon and flounced out of the room.

—Lippincott's.

R&G CORSETS

Better than ever.

Hurry Ends in Indigestion

Use your teeth on your food or your stomach will suffer. Quick lunches, hurried eating, bolting food, are sure to end, sooner or later, in some form of indigestion, more or less troublesome.

Beecham's Pills

quickly relieve the distress caused by hurried eating. They act directly on the stomach nerves and actually help the food to digest and assimilate. They are particularly good for nervous dyspepsia, bloating, hiccoughs, bitter taste in the mouth, and flatulence. With reasonable care in eating, Beecham's Pills will soon

Put an End to Stomach Ills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c and 25c.

CHURCH FIGHT IN SPAIN

Opening of the Lay Schools is Opposed

A GREAT MASS MEETING

Is Held by the Catholics—Carlists and Conservatives Join Forces—The Schools Anarchistic in Teaching, It Is Asserted.

Madrid, Feb. 4.—A monster meeting of Catholics, including many women of the aristocracy, was held yesterday in protest against the reopening of the lay schools, which closed after the rebellious outbreak at Barcelona. Carlist and Conservative orators declared that the schools were in reality anarchistic in their teachings and the enemies of social order. They demanded the intervention of the church in all questions pertaining to education. The Republican committee is organizing counter-demonstrations. The committee has sent a message of sympathy to the French government and also dispatched its congratulations to David Lloyd George, British chancellor of the exchequer, on the recent Liberal victory at the polls.

MAGAZINE REVIEW

A Shapely Compliment.

The late Chief Justice Chase was noted for his gallantry. While on a visit to the South, shortly after the war, he was introduced to a very beautiful woman who prided herself upon her devotion to the "lost cause." Anxious that the chief justice should know her sentiment, she remarked, as she gave him her hand, "Mr. Chase, you see before you a rebel who has not been reconstructed."

"Madam," he replied, with a profound bow, "reconstruction in your case would be blasphemous. Everybody's Magazine."

The Suspect's Declaration.

Patron White's precautionary measure of protecting his chicken coop with steel bars was futile, for that very night four more of his choice fowls disappeared, leaving the severed and twisted bars as the only visible evidence of the theft. However, his suspicions pointed toward his next door neighbor, whom he had seen prowling around that day, and, accordingly, he had this suspect up in police court the next morning.

"If the prisoner can file an alibi, I'll let him off with a suspended sentence," announced the judge at the end of the evidence. "Can you file an alibi, Ham?"

"Ah, guess Ah kin," eagerly rejoined the suspect, "if it ain't any halder den Rabson White's chicken coop bah!"—Brooklyn Life.

Not for Him.

A member of a house party managed to shoot the head keeper in the leg the first morning he tried pheasant shooting. Next day he again had wretched luck, though the wounded head keeper, without malice, had assigned him to a fairly good place. Bang, bang, bang! went his gun every few seconds, but not a bird fell before it. He was much embarrassed. It seemed too that at each of his misses the under keeper smiled at one another oddly. Finally his cartridges gave out. He hurried to the nearest keeper and demanded more. "There ain't no more, sir," the man answered. "No more! Nonsense! Why you've got at least a thousand in that box?" The keeper flushed and stammered, "Ah, but those ain't for you, sir. They're for another gent. They've got shot in 'em sir."—Argonaut.

Bewitched by a California Garden.

There is something of a literary colony at Carmel by the Sea, in California, and one of the celebrities is Miss Alice McGowan, author of several popular novels and many short stories, who writes most entertainingly in Suburban Life for February in regard to her California home. Among other things, she says: "There are certain springs in Ireland, so they tell us, of whose waters, if a wayfarer drinks, he will always return. Bewitched in some way are the gardens of Carmel, in California; set your hand once to gardening in this land of paradoxes, and you will remain to see it out. The climate, the soil, the season—these are your allies, and keep you forever guessing. He is a wise man—or a foolish one—who stops at the hotel, contemplating the mile and a half of red geraniums, the acres of calla lilies, the fuchsia hedges level with the second-story windows, and goes away unseated."

One Reason Why This Man is an Insurgent.

The February American Magazine contains an article by Ray Stannard Baker about the insurgent movement. Mr. Baker writes his article after a careful canvass of the Middle West, the heart of the insurgency. He tells the following experience with a prominent citizen of St. Paul:

"When I was in St. Paul, a citizen who has borne a large part of the insurgent movement came in one morning with the St. Paul and Minneapolis papers."

"Look here," he said.

"He showed me the headlines: a glaring account of the new trust combination of the telegraph and telephone companies of the country, another of the group upon the government by the sugar trust, another dealing with the copper trust, another with the huge profits of the beef trust, another with the Astor divorce, another with the attempt of private capital to seize the Alaska coal lands."

"That," he said, "is why I am an insurgent. I believe in private business enterprise—but this thing is going too far."

"It is this continued aggression of capital—and no one imagines that these powerful men of money will give up their advantage lightly any more than"

HOW THE GRIP LEAVES THE BLOOD

This Maine Woman's Experience Shows Why a Good Tonic Is Necessary After Influenza.

An attack of grip depletes the blood, reduces the vitality and leaves the system in a run-down condition that is sure to invite disease if not corrected. It is a condition that calls emphatically for a tonic for the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic especially adapted to meet this need. They enable the blood to absorb oxygen, the great sustainer of organic life, they tone up the nervous and give vigor, strength and health to the debilitated system.

Proof of the tonic power of the pills is shown in the cure of Mrs. Martha J. Jordan, of No. 95 Porham street, Farmington, Mo.

"For four years," says Mrs. Jordan, "I suffered from the after-effects of the grip and was frequently confined to the bed for a week at a time. I was all run down, my stomach was weak and food distressed me. I had frequent vomiting spells and at night I would blurt till the gas affected my heart. My kidneys were weak, liver sluggish and I was yellow as saffron. The least exertion made my heart flutter and I could hardly get my breath. I had sick headaches at least once a week which obliged me to stop all work. I was so sick I didn't want anyone to even speak to me and frequently I had dizzy spells when my head seemed to spin like a top and my sight was all blurred and my head ached as if it would burst."

"Reading about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills led me to try that medicine and I found relief almost from the first. A fair trial entirely cured me."

"My daughter was in poor health for years from weak stomach. She suffered intensely from pain. Dark spots that looked like bruises came out all over her body. I gave her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she took them according to directions until cured. Now she is as well as can be."

Send today for a copy of our booklet, "Disease of the Blood." It is free.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medical Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The old slave-holders gave up theirs—that is driving the insurgents to closer organization."

A Tuberculosis Experiment.

A very interesting experiment was started by a friend of mine, Doctor Pratt of Boston—the tuberculosis class in connection with a church," says Dr. William Oser in Woman's Home Companion for February. "It is a nice sort of practical religion for any church to undertake. Doctor Pratt's first class consisted of fifteen or twenty persons, chiefly young clerks, all in the early stage of the disease, and all still at work. He met them once a week in a room off the schoolroom of the church and there they discussed their cases with him. They were weighed every week, a careful analysis was made of their symptoms—how much they had gained, or how much they had lost. Each one took his own temperature, and brought his notes-book, and it is a remarkable record of several years' work that has been started."

A number of these young persons, some with quite well-marked symptoms of the disease, have been completely cured without going to a sanatorium, without going away and while continuing their work. I know of no more encouraging feature in connection with this disease than this practical experiment, which has been carried out so successfully."

Hay's Hair Health

NEVER FAILS TO RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR AND BEAUTY.

No matter how old and faded your hair looks, or how long you have been gray, it will work wonders for you, keep you looking young, promote a healthy growth of healthy hair, stop its falling out and positively remove dandruff.

Will not soil skin or hair. Will not injure your hair. Is Not a Dye.

\$1.00 and 50c. Bottles, at Druggists, Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N.J., U.S.A. RED CROSS PHARMACY.

WHY FRANCE WAS AFFLICTED

Due to Attitude Toward the Church

DUE TO MODERN SCIENCE

The Cross Alone Triumphant, Says a Writer—The Receding Waters Disclose Injuries to the City.

Paris, Feb. 4.—The river Seine continues to fall, the gauge yesterday showing that it had dropped nearly five feet from its crest. The relief contributions from crowned heads amount now to approximately \$55,000. Other foreign subscriptions eyed \$400,000.

Several prominent Catholic writers delivered broadsides in yesterday's papers against what is termed the bankruptcy of the modern science of engineering, contrasting the stability of the ancient bridges like Pont Royal and Pont Neuf with the latter day structures, such as the Pont De L'Alma and the Pont Des Arts, the safety of which was in doubt during the height of the flood.

They declare that not a single ancient sewer broke under the pressure of the waters, while the modern ones cracked and gave way in many places.

Of the \$120,000 already transferred to Foreign Minister Pichon by American Ambassador Bacon, \$32,000 has been turned over to the French Red Cross in conformity with the wishes of the donors. Rodman Wamsamaker, who desires to pay the bread bills of the flood victims for one month, has forwarded a first installment of \$6,000. A high official, speaking yesterday of the generosity of Americans, requested the Associated Press to express to the American people the deep impression created by their sympathy in France.

He said:

"The French government and French people alike have been touched by the profound expression of sympathy and the liberal contributions pouring in from abroad, but none has aroused quite the same sense of gratitude as those from the people of the sister republic across the sea. The misery is still great and the work of relief must continue for months. See what wreckage has been left behind even here."

As he spoke the official pointed from a window to the devastation about the foreign office, the high water mark showing on the buildings nine feet above the ground and the still flooded Rue De Constantine.

It is estimated that clothing and food is being supplied to a quarter of a million persons in Paris and its immediate vicinity.

The fear that the buildings whose foundations had been found weakened would fall as the waters receded has been realized, but not to a great extent, and this damage has been confined to old structures in some surrounding towns. Several recent subsidences in the streets were reported yesterday, one occurring in front of the ministry of war.

OVER \$30,000.

Boston Has Contributed Largely for Unfortunate Paris.

Boston, Feb. 4.—The Paris relief fund in this city reached \$33,125 at noon yesterday.

The citizens' committee met for a short time at the State House to receive reports from the stricken city.

AN AGREEMENT REACHED.

Berlin Advises Indicate That Tariff War Has Been Avoided.

Berlin, Feb. 4.—It was officially announced yesterday that the tariff negotiations had made such progress that a bill for regulation of trade relations between Germany and the United States



Explained by Anty Drudge.

Little Miss Rompabout—"Just look, mamma, I tore my frock."

Mother—"Good gracious, and that frock just new! Only washed twice!"

Anty Drudge—"Just those two washings made the tear possible. You boiled the frock, as you do all your clothes, and that softened and weakened its fiber. If you had used Fels-Naptha in cold or lukewarm water, the fabric would not be half rotten and ready to give away the first time it caught in anything."

White clothes are made of vegetable fibres, cotton or flax. Boiling affects them the same way it does other vegetable matter, as potatoes or cabbage. It softens them and weakens the fibre. Boiling will soften even hard wood.

By this you can easily see how your clothes will wear out quicker and tear more easily if you boil and hard-rub them. Wool, which is an animal fibre, is softened just as the fibre of meat in boiling.

Fels-Naptha will cleanse your clothes in cold or lukewarm water without any boiling or hard rubbing, and there isn't a single thing in it that will harm the goods.

Your clothes will wear twice as long, and they'll be whiter and cleaner all the time. Try a cake of Fels-Naptha and see. But use it the Fels-Naptha way, according to the simple directions on the red and green wrapper. They'll tell you how to wash all kinds of clothes with Fels-Naptha; wash dishes, clean floors and do many other things with it.

had been passed already by the federal council and would be introduced in the reichstag soon.

Assuming that the measure sanctioned by the council will be adopted by the legislative body, it may be regarded as certain that Germany's general tariff will not be applied to American products after Feb. 7, as would be the case had the diplomatic exchanges failed.

SHAWMUT RUBBERS

NOT MADE BY A TRUST

SHAWMUTS BOW HEEL OTHER KINDS

Double the wear where the wear comes

For Sale by The Homer Fitts Company, Barre.

J. K. Lynde Co., Williamstown, L. P. Hight, West Topsham, W. H. Miles Co., Graniteville, H. D. McCrillis, Marshfield, Ricker Bros., Groton, A. H. Pepper, Washington.

A Significant Fact

No other medicine for woman's ills has any such professional endorsement as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has received, in the unqualified recommendation of each of its several ingredients by scores of leading medical men of all the schools of practice. Is such an endorsement not worthy of your consideration? Is it not a significant fact too that

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is the only medicine sold through druggists, for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ills, the makers of which are not afraid to print its every ingredient on its outside wrapper? Is this not worthy of your consideration if you are a poor sick invalid woman?

The formula of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bear the most critical examination of medical experts, for it contains no alcohol, narcotics, harmful, or habit-forming drugs, and no agent enters into it that is not highly recommended by the most advanced and leading medical teachers and authorities of their several schools of practice. These authorities recommend the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of exactly the same ailments for which this world-famed medicine is advised.

A booklet of ingredients, with numerous authoritative professional endorsements by the leading medical authorities of this country, will be mailed free to any one sending name and address with request for same. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

It's foolish—often dangerous to accept a substitute of unknown composition in place of this time-tried medicine of known composition. Don't do it. Insist on getting what you ask for.

